

Sir Clements Markham presided over largely-attended meeting of the Royal Geographical Society.

**Water at Last.**  
On May 4 they were greatly distressed having come upon a new belt of his sterile sand. They again rested under the shade of a tamarisk during the hot hours. When, at 7 o'clock, he dressed himself and exhorted Kasim to come on, he only gave in a hissing voice, the answer that he was unable. After awhile Kasim came after him, staggering.

The poplars were renewed, he discerned a dark line on the horizon, was the forest at Khotan-Darya. The pow entered under its shady roof, anticipating that the river was not far off, but they were unable to find it. Exhausted by the burning sun, so threw themselves down under a verdant poplar. At 7 o'clock in the

Seizing he took the handle of the spade, using it as a staff, and crossed the wood, creeping on hands and knees. Long did he crawl, but he did not find a single bone on his back staring with wide open eyes and mouth, and did not answer when he asked himself: "Where is the body?" The forest came to an end, and a plain was spread out before his eyes. It lay the pale yellowish-brown of the steppe. He understood that it was the river bed of the Khotan-Darya, but it was dry and waiting for the first rain. He was alone. However, he did not for one moment believe he was destined to perish in this very place. He was not a coward. He had reached, with great difficulty, the right bank, the dark forests of which were dimly visible in the distance. He had required five hours to walk less than two miles. At that very moment a duck soared over his head. He had not expected to find himself on the edge of a little pool of fresh, clear water, which remained in the last time he was running. After he had drunk he filled his boots to the top and then he took a drink from the pool. Thus in the last moment was saved.

receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasant if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I'm qualified to master the code by which I knew, and the signature, which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. Once again, I am, my dear friend, your sincere friend. 'Here's a letter of Morse's; I haven't read it yet; I think I shall take another try at it today, and maybe I'll be able, in the course of time, to make out what he means by those "that" and "the" and "is" and "a" that haven't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread.

Yours truly, a reasonable man, Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

to bathe during your sojourn in Alaska. You will soon discover that there are some that bathe, but there are others. Take along some soap. The soap that is used in the encluse parties are all the rage in Dawson City. Likewise take a good library, an encyclopedia and an unabridged dictionary.

Take along plenty of starch for your linen. In the days of the Argonauts men suffered keenly because of a lack of cleansing material. One of the saddest songs of the forty-niners was the song of the forty-niner used to weep, began as follows:

"Good-bye, old standing collar,  
With all your pride and starch.  
I've worn you from September  
Till the seventeenth of March."

Also, don't forget taking along a small sack of flour and two handfuls of lard.

A-hunt with thee, my darling son,  
 Who carry a blithful air,  
 Humming a burden that seems to ring:  
 "Good news is the word we bear,"  
 The joys one  
 "Good news we bear."  
  
 They swing and away at the breeze's will,  
 While the heavens smile above  
 To hear the measure they gaily thrill;  
 "We've speeded a line of love,  
 With scale and trill:  
 "A line of love."  
  
 A cloud and a shadow go sailing by;  
 To the breeze's falling breath  
 In sinking cadence, the wren sing:  
 "Respect for a tale of death"  
 More softly still:  
 "A tale of death."  
  
 O the songs are many the wren sing  
 When the roving wind is sent  
 To play of gladness or suffering

nulnace, we are told, that one E. Evelyn wrote a pamphlet inveighing against the absurd policy of allowing brewers, distillers, and bellers and makers of their noisome alarums "among the dwellers in the houses of the city and suburbs." He complained that the gardens around London were long ago "overrun with many instances of orchards, as for example, Lord Bridgewater's, in Barbican, and the Marquis of Hertford's, in Strand, that had produced good crops of wheat and barley, and that the soil was being, because only a very little quantity of coal was then brought to London. "It is this horrid smoke," Evelyn, "which obscures our churches, and pollutes our gardens, and makes the clothes and corrupts the waters." The difference between the observations o-

floating ice cakes for support. By the time the effort he succeeded in keeping afloat, he was so exhausted that he knew Becker had his overcoat on, and when his overcoat, leaped down twenty feet between the icy walls of the boat and struck a projecting timber and was over. He alighted on his back, uninjured, and immediately took possession of the gigantic form of the dead, helpless by this time, and had as come a few seconds later it would be too late. With a few powerful strokes the life saver reached a piling in the distance, and there, where the latter's arms around it, where they immediately froze stiff to the wood.

**Letter Seven Years on the Road.**  
From the Belfast (Me.) Republican.  
November 27 Richard B. Stover of Bucksport received March 9, 1880, a letter which he mailed March 19, to his father—Capt. G. S. Stover. Some time thereafter it was lost or mislaid, and it was not until it was discovered in command of the ship Daniel Barnes, which was due at Victoria, B. C., that the letter was found. The American consular agent at the latter place, before the arrival of the letter, and for seven years it had been pigeon-holed somewhere, to be sent to its owner as soon as there was occasion on the envelope, unopened, with the usual indorsement, "Unclaimed." The letter was duly opened and forwarded to the charge of undue haste in this matter.